

get it. They teach such things, not because they believe them, but partly because they are not clear as to just what is the truth, and partly because they expect to teach their children better when they are old enough to understand better. And nurses, as everybody knows, are still holding up terrifying heathenish pictures of God before little children to make them behave. The one pressing need of American Christianity to-day is not a church brave enough to run its creed through a sifter, but Christian mothers who will take the time to sift out the religious ideas which they have brought up from their childhood, and separate what Christ actually taught from the vast mass of chaff that has come to them, partly from their heathen ancestors of a thousand years ago, partly from half-heathen nurses, and partly from teachers who were handicapped by a like pagan inheritance.

In the following pages I have tried to do a little of this sifting—enough to show those who have never tried it that it is not such a difficult matter after all to distinguish between chaff and wheat,—and also to offer to the mother who is brave enough to take up this pressing task, some suggestions that may aid her in her efforts to equip young John with the fundamentals of a real Christian faith—a faith that will stand the fierce light of his college days, and the stern, practical tests of the years to follow.

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